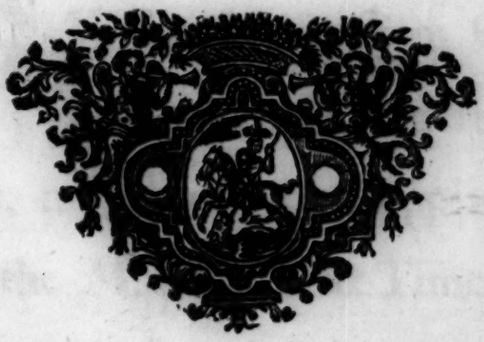
AN EPISTLE

To His GRACE the Duke of CHANDOS.

By Mr. *WELSTED.*



The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at *Cato's-Head* (the *Poſt-Houſe*) in *Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.* 1720.

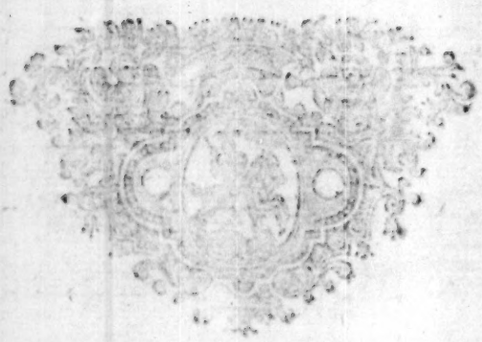
Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Alexander Cochrane
of Boston

EPISTLE

To His GRACE the

Duke of CHANDOS.

By Mr. WELSTED.



LONDON:

Printed for W. CHETWOOD, at Gyll's-Head (the Top-House) in Russel-Street, Covent-Garden. 1720.

A N

EPISTLE, &c.

WHILE over Arts unrivalled you preſide,
And to Renown the riſing Genius guide;
While Merit from Obſcurity you raiſe,
And call forth modeſt Vertue into Praiſe;
Vouchſafe, my Lord, this ſuppliant Verſe to read,
And aid the Muſes in their Time of Need:
No Brow with ſacred Ivie now is crowned;
No *Amaryllis* do the Woods reſound;
The Hero, now the Harp in ſilence lies,
Lives ſcarcely known, and undiſtinguiſhed dies.

Then, CHANDOS, take the Muſes to thy Care;
Their ruined Temples O! do Thou repair;
Their antient Honours let thy Power reſtore,
And bid them mourn their HALIFAX no more.
A Race of happy Years does Heaven ordain,
And gives th' Aſſurance of a peaceful Reign;
If you vouchſafe to lend the timely Aid,
Nor *Greece* nor *Rome* ſhall *Britain*'s Sons upbraid;
The ſunny Climes, that boaſt a kindlier Soil,
With Hills of Wine enriched, and Groves of Oil,
To us in Arts ſhall yield, to us in Song,
And diſtant Nations prize the *Britiſh* Tongue.

The growth of Learning, like the growth of Trees,
Thrives unobſerved, and ſprings by ſlow Degrees;
Like the famed *Engliſh* Oak, her Head ſhe rears,
And gains Perfection thro' a length of Years;
The firſt Eſſays in Verſe are rudely writ,
The Numbers rough, and unchaſtized the Wit.
Thus, BRIDGES, in thy great Forefathers' Times,
Harſh was our Language, and untuned our Rhimes;

Great SPENCER first, in bleſt ELIZA's Days,
Smoothed our old Metre, and refined our Lays;
Next manly MILTON, Prince of Poets, came,
And to our Numbers added HOMER's Flame;
Since when, in Verſe few Wonders have been wrought,
And our ſmooth Cadence flows devoid of Thought.

No more neglected ſhall the Lyre remain;
Thou, CHANDOS, ſhalt improve its heavenly Strain:
Thy Smiles already in the Dawn I ſee,
And *England* many POLLIOS boaſts in Thee;
To every Art thy generous Cares extend,
But, chiefly, ſhalt thou be the Poet's Friend.
Th' approaching Times my raptured Thought engage;
I ſee ariſe a New *Auguſtean* Age:
Here, ſtretched at eaſe, beneath the Beechen Boughs,
The Sylvan Poet ſings his faithful Vows;
Others, retiring from the Vulgar Throng,
At leiſure meditate an Epic Song;
Or chuſe the Worthies of a former Age,
With all their Pomp of Grief to fill the Stage;

While, here, Hiſtorians BRUNSWIC's Praiſe ſuſtain,
Record his Deeds, and lengthen out his Reign.

In different Ages different Countries view,
And thro' its various Periods Time purſue;
In every Age, which generous Spirits bore,
The Muſe was cheriſhed, and had Strength to ſoar;
Diſturbed by Civil Tumult, ſhe withdrew
From Cities far, and lay concealed from View.
So the bright *Marakok*, in Sunſhine Days,
Its varied Colours to the Light diſplays;
But, when the blackning Sky pours down a Storm,
Cloſe-folds its Leaves, and hides its radiant Form;
Nor can the careful Floriſt then behold
Its purple Luſtre, and its Beams of Gold.

Without Renown ſhall be the Patriot's Toils,
Th' Exploits of Beauty and the Victor's Spoils
Without their Praiſe; except a deathleſs Song
Their Glories to a future Date prolong:
Not *Helen* only, fatal in her Charms,
Drew Gods and Heroes to the Strife of Arms;

Diſ-

Diſtracting Beauties earlier Ages bore,
And Love embroiled whole Empires long before ;
Nor did the *Grecian Teucer* only know
To lance the Spear, and bend the *Cretan* Bow ;
And many Warriors many Trophies won,
E're yet *Achilles* conquered *Priam*'s Son :
But, wanting Poets, all, one Fate they ſhare,
Alike forgot, the Valiant and the Fair.

With antient Worthies, CHANDOS, ſhalt Thou live
In Verſe, if I a living Verſe can give:
To Thee, betimes, I conſecrate my Muſe,
For Thee alone the faireſt Laurels chuſe ;
Employ my Thoughts to grace thy Favourite Name,
And ſtrive thy Bounty to repay with Fame.